DOWN HEARTED BLUES

Lyric by ALBERTA HUNTER

Music by LOVIE AUSTIN

FAREWELL BLUES
I AIN'T GIVIN' NOTHIN' AWAY
HE'S A DARN GOOD MAN TO HAVE HANGIN' AROUND
SWEET MAMMA
Papa's Getting Mad
CRAZY JANE
THE GREAT WHITE WAY BLUES
RAILROAD MAN
When You and I Were Young
MAGGIE BLUES
DON'T SING ME THE BLUES DEAR
IT'S TOO LATE NOW
WHERE
CAN THAT SOMEBODY BE
YOU GOT EVERYTHING A SWEET MAMA NEEDS BUT ME
by Lemuel Fowler
Mad
I Want You Mad As You Can Be

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"Just A Girl That Men Forget"

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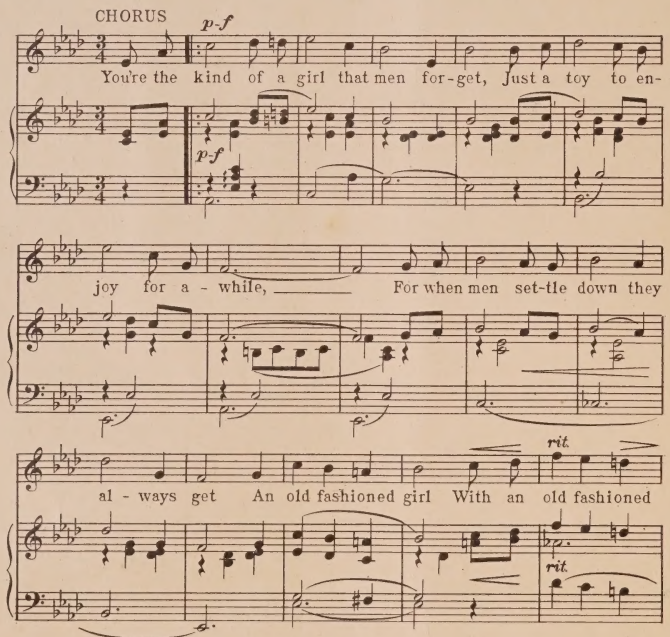
Here Is The Great Verse

Dear little girl, they call you a vamp,
A flapper with up-to-date ways,
You may shine brightly, but just like a lamp,
You'll burn out one of these days.
Then your old-fashioned sister will come into view,
With a husband and kiddies, but what about you?

Second Verse

Wall flower girl, now dry all those tears,
For you won't be left all alone,
Some day you'll find yourself up on a throne,
Queen of a sweet little home,
And, you gay little flapper, you'll live and you'll learn,
When you've gone down the path-way that has no return.


CHORUS
p-f
You're the kind of a girl that men for-get, Just a toy to en-
p-f
joy for a - while, For when men set-tle down they
al - ways get An old fashioned girl With an old fashioned
rit.
rit.

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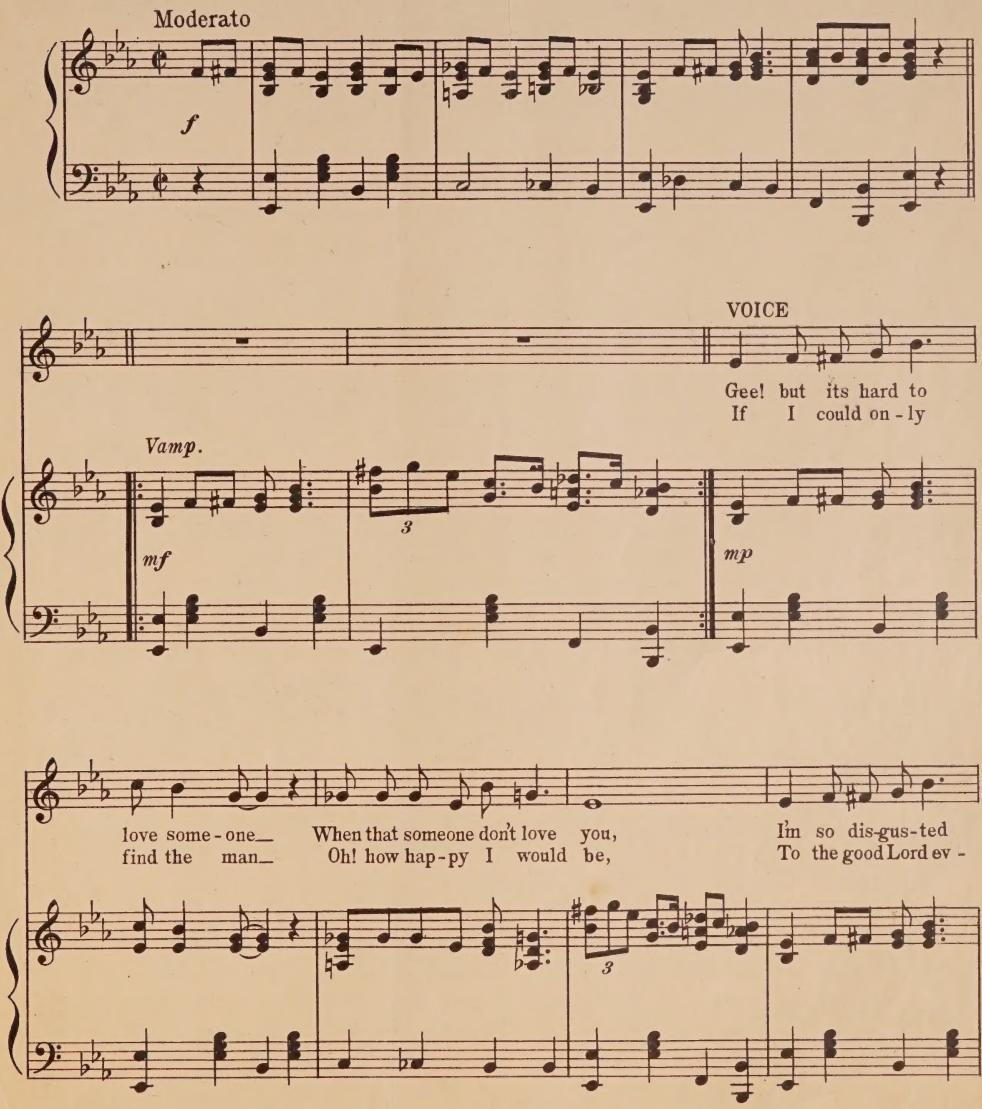

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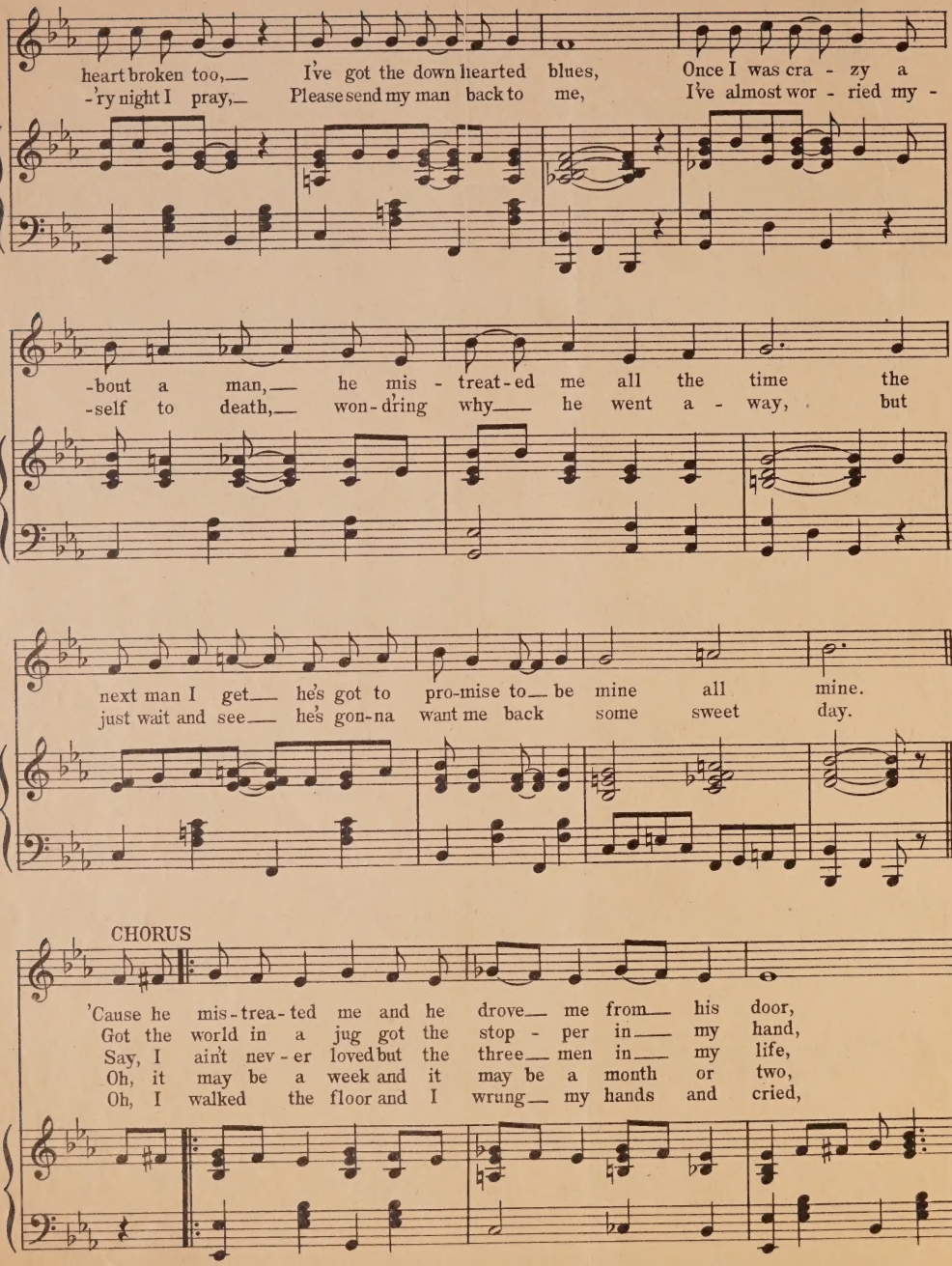
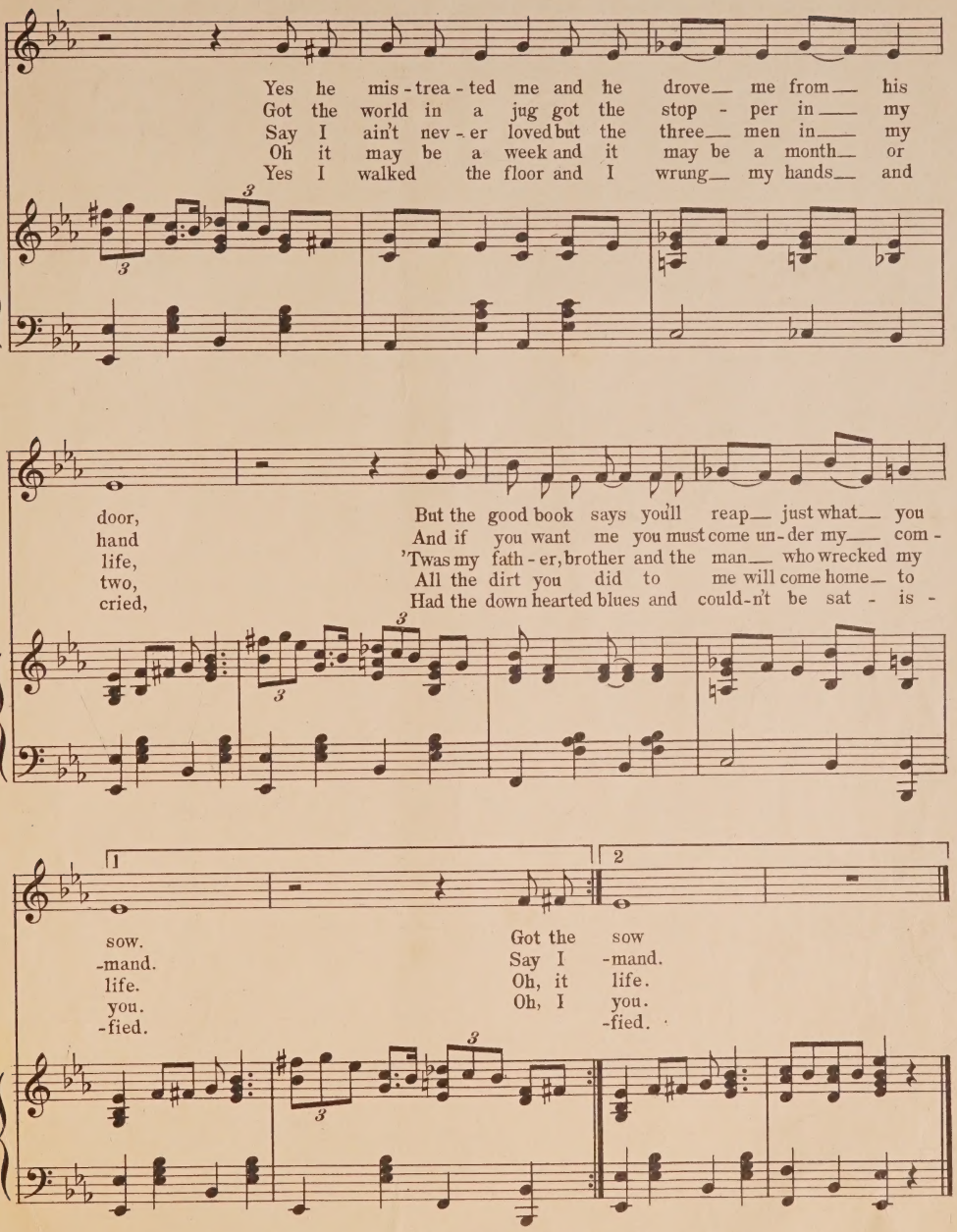

heart broken too,— I've got the down hearted blues, Once I was cra - zy a
-'ry night I pray,— Please send my man back to me, I've almost wor - ried my -
-bout a man,— he mis - treat-ed me all the time the
-self to death,— won-dring why— he went a - way, but
next man I get— he's got to pro-mise to— be mine all mine.
just wait and see— he's gon-na want me back some sweet day.
CHORUS
'Cause he mis-trea-ted me and he drove— me from— his door,
Got the world in a jug got the stop - per in— my hand,
Say, I ain't nev - er loved but the three— men in— my life,
Oh, it may be a week and it may be a month or two,
Oh, I walked the floor and I wrung— my hands and cried,


Yes he mis - trea - ted me and he drove me from his
Got the world in a jug got the stop - per in my
Say I ain't nev - er loved but the three men in my
Oh it may be a week and it may be a month or
Yes I walked the floor and I wrung my hands and
door,
hand
life,
two,
cried,
But the good book says you'll reap just what you
And if you want me you must come un - der my com -
'Twas my fath - er, brother and the man who wrecked my
All the dirt you did to me will come home to
Had the down hearted blues and could-n't be sat - is -
1
2
sow.
-mand.
life.
you.
-fied.
Got the sow
Say I -mand.
Oh, it life.
Oh, I you.
-fied.

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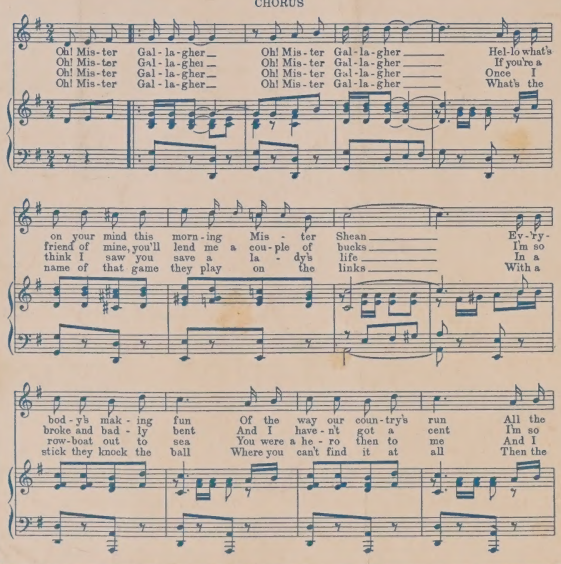
CHORUS


Oh! Mis-ter Gal-la-gher_ Oh! Mis-ter Gal-la-gher_ Hel-lo what's
Oh! Mis-ter Gal-la-gher_ Oh! Mis-ter Gal-la-gher_ If you're a
Oh! Mis-ter Gal-la-gher_ Oh! Mis-ter Gal-la-gher_ Once I
Oh! Mis-ter Gal-la-gher_ Oh! Mis-ter Gal-la-gher_ What's the
on your mind this morn-ing Mis - ter Shean_ Ev-'ry-
friend of mine, you'll lend me a cou-ple of bucks_ I'm so
think I saw you save a la - dy's life_ In a
name of that game they play on the links_ With a
bod-y's mak-ing fun Of the way our coun-try's run All the
broke and bad-ly bent And I have-n't got a cent I'm so
row-boat out to sea You were a he-ro then to me And I
stick they knock the ball Where you can't find it at all Then the

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